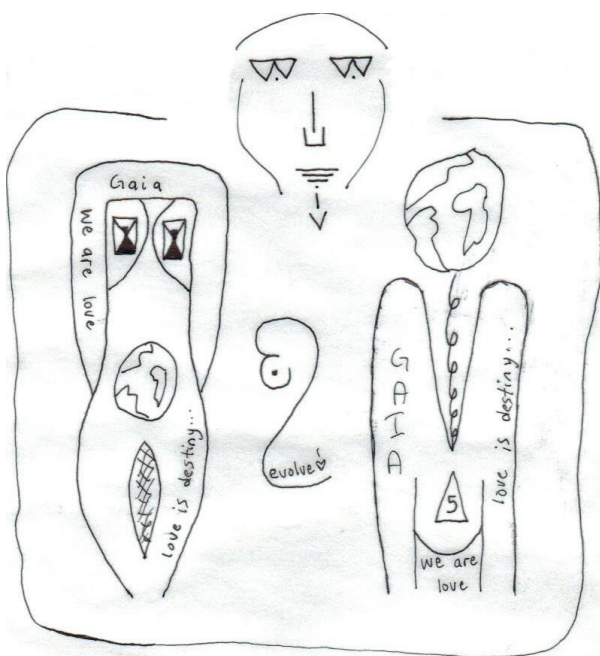


COSMIC CONVERGENCE

ZISA
AZIZA

Cosmic Convergence



Truth is my Compass,
& Wisdom my Helm.

*once you know, you cannot unknow.
once you have seen, you can never unsee.
once you have allowed yourself to feel,
you are freed from silence;
for the submergence of one's truth
only births havoc within the self.*

Zisa Aziza

Negress of Saturn's Deeds

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Matriarch Carolyn McGill:

*I'll double back time
to calibrate the pulse
so its blood can realign*

Invariable Verdict:

**This species is complicit
in carving catastrophe
into a cradle of carnage, and
vandalizing life into a coffin.**

Dear Anne Frank:

**The year is 2025,
and Easter bore no eggs.**

Existential treason is in vogue. The survivors of imperial holocausts become partners with the genocidists who promise them equal shares in soul betrayal dividends sown by blood they will never smell.

From the Talented Tenth, the Black Boule, and Zionists who cry antisemitism when reality is a mirror for which they cannot bear the stare, it appears massacres by policy, penitentiary, or poison are the overhead cost for maintaining a pyramid scheme on Earth.

The collateral damage is fodder we can write off with a comedy show or a good lifetime bootstrapping success story about a heroic immigrant.

I feel the walls caving in.

Fanning the Flame

While reflecting on god's chosen people, who are genetically recessive and rather invasive to the timeline, it seems apparent that projective compensation is the impulsive tactic of weaponizing inversion to mask the subversion of divine diversion.

When women, pagans, seers, rootworkers, androgynes, and all who convene with nature by direct, divine discourse are deemed primitive, uncivilized, and deviant, I wonder:

**Who bred humans for cotton fields?
Whose infants were used to bait
alligators?
Whose bodies were lynched and
castrated over picnic blankets?
Whose melanin is harvested, and whose
organs are plucked?**

Between the womb and the melanin from which it bore:

if the Earth is such a chore, walk off the bridge.

We will not miss you and yours
upon this shore.

Religion binds you to slavery so sublime
you praise your enslaver as your savior.

BREAK THE SPELL.

Cast your blindness into the light.
There are cracks.
And its crackers are plagiarizers.

*Condemn the evil that knows itself.
May you wield your tongue as a chamber
with sound as the ammunition.*

*By the veracity of your blood,
you were born with permission.*

Hereby

*I am among those who the state
has sought to eliminate.*

Stigma is a tool to distort and humiliate.

*But truth is water;
Time is a court,
and love will adjudicate.*

**By God's glory, the seas of destiny,
I navigate.**

Judicial Inquiry

Can we deport the descendants of the Mayflower because smallpox is the origin of biowarfare, this side on the Atlantic Ocean, and who let wet dogs build a fiat currency on the backing of enslaved bloodlines, through which the normalization of predatory scams became the tool of social control?

Considering an insolvent banking system that defrauds homeowners while in collusion with the state's dubious property taxes, along with an education system that conditions mediocracy as a rewardable meritocracy and the confetti of lunacy touted as liberalism, I am requesting that the deed that was signed against my will be nullified.

I speak on behalf of convergent bloodlines and timelines.

I am one of none, daughter of water, moon speaker, and twilight seeker.

The mockery of rape in my lineage
is a curse I must slit.

The two abortions before me bore pity.
I'm the ugly bird who never lost a penny.

Before we sip tea, please remember
that I offered grace as cane sugar.

But I ate the sneer of vultures with plastic
as their veneer.

Earth is the last line of defense.
Heads will turn, and necks will break.
I have no bones to pick.
Forgiveness was our mistake.

Wisdom Treats: 014

Sobriety is a prerequisite for sovereignty.

When you are addicted to power,
genocide becomes your mascot;
even when your fallen empire
has preordered your casket.

**“When you encounter a weak liver and
choose to offer grace as milk thistle, but
the Beta-Eve demands deference even
though the Negress is the prototype,
this metastatic heresy is a
diseased archetype.”**

Cosmically Courted

*A married name is a form of title ownership;
the ring is proof of claim: the transferred deed
— from father to husband.*

*Her womb is feed;
by force, she swallows the seed.*

*How many women wear a ring to dissuade
cowboys with fractured
Y-chromosomes from thinking a sovereign
pussy is a stable for his dick-pony?*

How it starts is how it goes. Eve did not
consent. The Beta-Eve was a blank slate.
My mitochondria got beef, fuck the timeline;
I’m cashing out fate.

Securing the Portal

If women tend to lose moisture and/or collagen with age, and the consumption of coffee dehydrates, as does the neurotoxin that is alcohol, might perimenopausal women consider abstaining from these beverages that invariably hasten the aging process by drying them out?

During perimenopause and beyond, the uptick in triglycerides is correlated to the decrease in estrogen and the recalibration of the endocrine system. As we age, the brain, which consists of about 60% fat, is positively associated with higher levels of fat in the blood system. Not all fat is equal; the ratio between HDL, LDL, and triglycerides is informative and imperative.

Your brain needs avocado oil, ghee, coconut milk/creamers, and MCT. Inflammation is your enemy—ginger, garlic, onions, turmeric (with black pepper), and olive oil are your buddies. The least processed, least additives and most whole foods are ideal.

Do not wait for symptoms; steward your temple as a living sacrament.

Take your maca root, ashwagandha, cacao, blackstrap molasses, and collagen, soak your body in Epsom salt and magnesium chloride with eucalyptus, and sweat under your red light therapy device.

Almonds, macadamia, walnuts, pistachios, cashews, brazil, pine nuts; flax, chia, hemp, sunflower, and pumpkin seeds are medicinal. Iron and fiber protect the heart, and Vitamin C aids iron absorption.

Muscle mass increases life span. Magnesium Glycerinate and lavender pills are great sleep aids. Epsom salt, when digested, supports the alleviation of constipation.

As a former feminist and full-fledged Motherist, I believe women must age well to prepare for The Handmaid's Tale.

I'll match your 20: push-ups or pull-ups?

If a natural woman is undesirable, may I repel
all parasitic minions who refract upon
proximity to holiness.

Sources: Iherb.com, ThriveMarket.com,
Farmer's Market, Trader Joe's, Whole Foods.*

Ghost Signal

Liminal beacon

Rotten skittle

Patient tickle

Ironic missal

Terrestrial Tension

Somatic surgery as a multidimensional probe
turns skin into a scalpel
and speech into a suture.

Breath feels heavy when every pulse
is intent on decoding a live grenade
that is the ticking time bomb of this planet
on the brink of detonation.

Word is Barren

Don't bleed for me,
Seed for me

Truth is a deed;
You cannot secede

I Be Wonderin’

If the clit is the greater source of pleasure, why has “penis envy” triangulated length when access to the womb is the bearer of depth and arbiter of death?

If melanin density bears the absorbance to decode solar transmissions and withstand temporal adaptations, why is genetic recessive hypopigmentation systematically impelled to placate nature’s intelligence as the source of dominance?

If pedophilia, rape, and psychic cannibalism have not been resolved among the heterosexual Edomites and Parasites, why would homosexuals and philogynists be immune to the pandemic of sacrilegious perversion?

**“Within the equation of breath,
what is consent if sovereignty
is a disembodied theory?”**

Wisdom Treat: 013

How do we endorse the sovereignty of others
while protecting our autonomy?

*Every rape weakens the pulse of our
collective portal.*

Sometimes people don't need a defender;
what they need is a witness.

**“When truth is known but not
integrated, the manifestation of
psychic plaque is accumulated.”**

Translation is an Antidote

By the world,
I am force-fed violence,
and grief becomes my salve.

*Genetic and psychic inferiority prompts
enacted violence to console its fragility.*

Heavy is the wear of a heart
that does not deny its tear.

The XX hijack is a cosmic violation
that causes a cellular desecration.

***And still,
I seed the cemetery
because I burnt the ferry.***

From my pituitary,
I write apothecary
as an epistolary.

Wisdom Treats: 012

You don't buy a fire extinguisher while you watch your home sear.

The psychogenic contagion of exceptional invincibility is a cause for an interdimensional sneer—**pomposity is a snare.**

“If you conflate freedom with status, you dismiss slavery as the apparatus.”

Psychometrics

Cosplaying ideation that you lack
the psychic capability to embody is blasphemy.

The **insurrection** will not be monetized;
Evolution will be **atomized**.

Toss the Smart TV;
Airplane mode for the digital escapee.

Medical Malfeasance Aside,

*I understand;
many mothers have wasted breast milk,
and many who bear breath
are evidence of this.*

The original sin was the pedophilic genetic rape
of a child to produce Adam, from whom
the Beta-Eve received a rib-bone marrow
transfusion.

This Beta-Eve is a deviant mitochondria
strand, a recessive replication of chromosomal
plagiarism.

The irony of hubris is a divine aphrodisiac for
the activated starseed.

Melanin insulates its soul extractor for a
payroll check and does so with honor.

Spatial encroachments are psychic paper cuts.

I've been sharing gold coins in MK-Ultra
Factories and the baristas of endocrine
disrupters got beef with me.

I be popping karmic cycles like hormonal
pimples that are alleviated when I detox from
the inflammation of trauma as an identity.

**Sadism is illogical; its pathology is
ontological.**

Metabolic dysfunction crosses the
psychospiritual barrier.
Immunity is unknown; anyone can be a carrier.

**“From life’s tutelage, I have
learned that falling feels victorious
because the focus is on reflexive
rebound instead of shame,
in which case, you have
won the game.”**

Phone Your Soul

Genocide is a pesticide
among star systems;

Ecocide is a dimensional eviction
toted in legalism.

**“Leaves are the wings of sprouted
seeds; angels bear the halos of
consecrated deeds.”**

Imperial Distortion

Mimic the aesthetic
Cannibalize the energetic

Fetishization is a subsidiary of colonization:

Hate is not sterilized when
the bid commodifies dehumanization.

I am not on auction for your attention.

Love's War

Possession vs protection
Court or conquer?

Woman is soil
Her soul is a bunker

Against the gods
She is worn as armor

Seer with a Spear

Steady the steer
Revoke the rear glare

Wisdom is the distilled
Accumulation of fear

**“The emaciated acknowledge their
deficiency and suffocate hunger by
dieting on the congregation of
dissociative efficiency.”**

Spotted

Color theory is about frequency;
it's a dialect in the language of energy.

Your bloodline is an artifact,
and your race is rubble;

a somatic archeologist can
discern the untranslatable.

**“No one’s loyalty is known but
to those whom thyself is known.”**

Citadel

I'm posted on a perch
with a light purse

Bearing the eyes of a surgeon
who dissects the curse

Time is a hearse
and faith jailbreaks the rehearse

Rolling Dice:

1. Coherence is violence because inversion is coercive and demands adherence to silence.
2. Truth is acidic to a system that is inflamed by covert despotism.
3. No God from whom life was sprung would wed necrotic decay as a wife to be hung.

Psychic Fence

You look like you want to foot-rub a squirrel.
I'm not a soft-bellied lion.

Lest we have this tension unfurl.
If we smile, we can keep lying.

Omen: Ovum Totem

When death holds a species hostage,
Evolution is summoned.

The womb will negotiate with the stars.

I came, I saw, I testified:
Our cosmic judgment will be justified.

Invasive Ideologies

If we eat the rich,
who will weed the state?

Misdirection is a moral pressure valve
for manicured dejection.

Tantrums flatter
the arbiters of insurrection.

Wisdom Treats: 011

Advocacy is the practice
of negotiating with the predetermined
neglect and manipulation of your humanity.

Sneak Tide on a Train Ride

They say “**please**” with a karmic tease,
poverty is polite and civil;

Until the night has a shiv,
by then, our blood will be the sieve.

“If the campaign of white terrorism as **supremacy were an archetype, it would be little dick syndrome of a malignant symptomology.”**

Laser Clear

Recalling sexual encounters is like undressing an infected wound but calling it my date in history.

Celibacy is a prophylactic measure to build immunity for love's mystery.

**“Calling genocide a war
is akin to calling rape a date.”**

Novel Idea

Womb is the soil,
semen a seed:

Control women,
and her portal
is your knead.

*Pussy ain't a social construct;
Patriarchy is set to auto-destruct.*

**“Blood is a conduit of frequency:
Embody Cosmic Symmetry.”**

Energetic Literacy

Am I bugging, or is this roach getting closer?

- *I feel your ear stretching.*
- *Your vision is trespassing my sovereignty.*
- *Your pheromones are violating the sanctity of my sanity.*

**My can of Raid is a luminescent aerosol,
and my faith is laid.**

**“Truth is a root within the tree
of life, and for the bee,
its protection is resolute.”**

Regulated Subjugation

1. Credentials do not confer competence.
2. Love can be a leash.
3. Dependency is not community.
4. Care as co-dependency is liable.
5. Security is a fable.
6. Your internal stability should not
be contingent upon the stable.

**“Generational curses can be the
unclipped umbilical cord from the
surrogate bloodline your soul
selected to incarnate; All tethering
you must terminate—Amidst evil,
your spirit is wise to
discriminate.”**

Red Sea

*When the flood is a ritual to castrate your
soul's bloom, as the imperial plane descends,
you must cast away the colonial costume.*

**Assata Shakur and Princess Diana
were fighting the same war.**

*Folk is allergic to sovereignty.
With caution, I implore you to be sure-footed
upon this shore.*

Calibrate, Honor Fate

That which you do not feel,
you cannot metabolize;

That which you do not metabolize,
you cannot integrate;

That which you do not integrate
will cause you to disintegrate.

Wandering Mystic

I'm stamping memory cards,
a bookmark in your third eye;

I'm stringing the spider web,
a blueprint for the honeycomb to multiply.

Schomburg

You don't go to a morgue
when your water breaks;
a butterfly doesn't congregate
with ticks—fleas play too many tricks.

Spring Sting

Health is my heart's legislator;
With reverence, I am a pollinator.

My sexuality is that of a bee—
I love vitality.

Spell: o62

I'm stirring a storm in my cup of tea,
channeling the moon as I await the sea:

Time is a desert, and I am the escapee.

Regnant

If a signature is required,
my departure will be admired.

**“The truth doesn’t age,
only your resistance to
engage your holy rage.”**

Rippled Streams

Indifference does not bestow absolution even when ignorance is involuntary.

Hate has side effects; the societal value system, as informed by cultural imperialism, is insolvent for a species that has but a single habitat.

Injustice is contagious; when dysfunction is the baseline, safety is malign.

Starvation is the byproduct of deprivation; neglect can mutate nobility into suicidal volatility.

Although compartmentalization is reflexive within the maze of cognitive dissonance, nature does not split the sea from the sky or the land from the sun— energy either transforms or deforms.

Sirian Ascending

Preparation for an Amazonian package
from the Pleiades ensues.

Prayer is a fuse;
With faith, I *amuse*.

**“Shame is a hell of a disease,
the grease for violence,
from chivalrous to villainous—
evil is fond of ease.”**

Elite Panders

Propaganda is an amalgamation of conspiracies verified and dispersed by experts who protect private and governmental corrupt interests.

Sacred Subversion

- Policy is a euphemism for legislative terrorism.
- White patriarchy is a derisive inversion of divine order; an unholy perversion of spiritual incursion.
- Neoliberalism is a zombie infection that plagues the human imagination with a masochistic lust for colonization.

Damn Skippy

I am intrinsically biased towards vibration,
for God crafted frequency on a spectrum
during creation.

Based on my preliminary audit of
intercommunal energetic violence, as a
primordial aggregation of sentience, I have
been privy to the presupposition of neither
safety nor security.

*My existential inspection exposes the autopsy
of subatomic wilt.*

**Energy is a feast, and I can't help but
feel. I'll roast as easy as I'd toast.**

Your pledged identity does not conceal
that true light is a despised ordeal.

Black Power

The erosion of humanity
is technologically induced insanity;
our predilection for escapism
and condescension predisposes
us to an entropic proclivity.

I'm Just Saying

Even if we were inseminated in the same
microwave, don't mean we gon' share the same
taste.

Even if our complexion is complimentary,
don't mean our soul mission shares a similar
trajectory.

Even if we flirt,
don't mean we gon' eat dessert.

Amore

*Imma impregnate you with timelines
and multiply our soullines
because our love transcends bloodlines.*

**“When self-importance causes
blindness, deference and
indifference are the selfsame.”**

Refined Flame

When lust meets lust, it drains;
When love meets love, it magnifies.

The warrior is celibate
because stilling the fire is delicate.

After all, the difference between
fighting and fucking
is intention and permission.

**“Awareness is a proxy
for adaptation.”**

Parasitic Provocateur

*In the name of the Father, the Son,
and my higher power— upon this hour:*

These goofy, malnourished, unaccomplished
Pookie niggas who berate Sigma women are the
worst representatives for faggotry.

Lord, please do not tempt my propensity to
crack a demented, depigmented mother-rapist
in the cranium.

Amen.

Who I be?

As a *motherist*, I light the pyre of animated miscarriages because death beseeches life with uncontested marriages. As a *cosmic doula*, I lace scripture with cymatics and transfix the breech births as an acrobatic cardiologist. As a *somatic scribe*, I document the parasitic fractals because I am an **Etheric Epidemiologist**.

Love Beyond Caste

If oppression is a pyramid project of extraction, the healing must be scaled for compassionate expansion.

No matter how fancy your cell,
in this economic orchestration of hell,
we all negotiate with the dehumanization
of spiritual incarceration.

**Sovereignty is most compatible
with collective emancipation.**

Guerrilla Magic

Word is a seed,
mind is soil;

In your soul,
germination can take root.

The forest is unknown,
while destiny is afoot.

Seeded Spiral

My pussy is a kettle,
do you hear the whistle?

Blow your horn in the traffic,
I need your milk thistle.

This urgency isn't *civil*,
it's **judicial**.

**“The cemetery can bear fruit if
death is but a node on the
cycle of life.**

Broken Mirror Game

A portal untamed—
Echoes caught in shame.
But I refract the blame.

Your tactics?

Lame.

You can't maim the flame.
Not when the ember remembers my name.

I dismantle the frame—
And reforge the aim.
Jumanji's a joke,
But I'm not playing the same.

Etheric Synergy

For the Stargate,
I won't be late

This date with fate,
I will consecrate

Set It Off

*I don't cased the mausoleum of a putrid empire;
There is no innocence,
only rewarded insolence.*

This extraction will be seamless,
for the seedless are heedless.

Off-Broadway

The hate isn't personal;
it's inverted reverence due
to vibrational incongruence.

Access to your attention
you must order into severance.

Let the hyenas laugh.

In your mythos,
they are a brief paragraph.

This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual people, or events, or sites, or organizations, is entirely coincidental.

Graduation

With words, I paint a portal
to summon a love that is immortal.

My spine is sparking,
as I prepare to dutty wine a shrine
for a reunion blessed by the divine.

Ancestral Choreography in New Amsterdam

The descendants of men who survived the Armenian and Biafran Genocides, born fifty years and a ferry apart, who bore the triage of trauma like psychic fissures, discussed the chiropractic emotional realignment required to shed timelines.

Virginia, the vibrant and vivacious Gemini, shared my maternal great-grandmother's name at the age my grandmother would have been.

Virginia, a fashion designer, showed me a mirror of what healing costs and how worthy we are to receive the dividends of love's grace.

Our bloodlines are known, but we do not know ourselves. The war mutates in design and tactic, but the objective remains steady. Freedom is subjective, while our wounds are worn as sigils of survival. However, these are Scarlett Letters branded upon us with indemnity.

If you know yourself, seek clemency.

*The bloodlines are playing tic-tac-toe,
there's only one boat we need to row.*

You are the seed, but will you sow?

Breath is a Capsule

What is PTSD when your blood
is sweeter than most?

Mosquitoes swarm in the desert
like moths to a flame.

Frequency is an unnamed war game.

I'm clocking the terrain:

*The reign of my bloodline,
time sought to sprain,
but a mere drop
resurrects the slain.*

Rockin' Central Park

New York City is a circus of a cemetery,
where I water barren soil through
the beacon of my soul because
faith can seem delusional when
capitalism manufactures fatalism.

Spell: 061

Not your mammy, not your martyr;

*I'm a cosmic mistress—
Divinity ain't fit to barter.*

Friday State of Mind

Depression and violence are an immune response to social, emotional, economic, and metabolic dysfunction.

When a client attends therapy for guidance, it mirrors a prisoner seeking grace from a correctional officer.

Church and State have recast the operatives of containment for the religion of oppression that bleeds into every artifice of precognitively programmed structures of coerced compliance.

The moral incursions that compound from systemic neglect and legalized entrapment will not be ameliorated by those whose professional and economic survival is dependent upon a sustained and deflective ecosystem of dehumanization, extraction, and obfuscation.

Less cheese and more garlic...

Wisdom Treats: 010

Pivot before the pressure;
Tighten the load,
Wield wisdom as a compressor

Water's Essence

Love isn't lite,
She is *preordinately* pregnant with insight:

Whether to calm the fight
Offer the facade of polite
Or eviscerate the blight

She bears the density of foresight
Invariably, *Love* is recondite

Nwunye m ihunanya | My Lady Love

i. *My soul is a hot spring
craving your dip,*

*Your skin is
my desired sip*

ii. *The furnace in my sacrum
is spilling soot*

*My heart is Fort Knox,
We ain't gotta pussyfoot*

*Your wood is the key,
I'll meet you by the sea*

**“Art is spiritual real estate;
foreclosure wraps itself in fame
because psychic sovereignty
is the wealth sought to terminate.”**

Wisdom Treats: 009

When the heavens are your audience, and God is your witness, your embodied truth is evidence—no need for applause; divinity bears a non-compete clause.

Galactic Auntie Cipher

Imma bequeaths vision with precision:

The capsize is quickening;
the leaven is rising.

The heat ain't sweet
if you don't own your teeth.

**Gaslighting is a form of grooming:
Narcissism is parasitism.**

What would vampires be without a blood
supply?

What would a narcissist be without a soul
supply to drain? *Seedless soil without rain.*

Rage is an aphrodisiac,
a bootleg anesthetic
for the aestheticized synthetic.

**Animosity precipitates discomfort as
a passive-aggressive tool for exclusion.**

Hate is an admission of genetic insecurity;
My perseverance rebukes concession with
authority.

Niggas are the pit bulls of white graveyards
that insulate decay by branding necrosis as
opulence.

Unhoused souls
Squatting in the skin
For which they are no kin

**Modernization feels like a root canal
with porcelain veneers.**

Energetic Halitosis, emotional chronic pain,
and spiritual infections are rampant, but the
facade is seemingly convincing.

I no longer conflate breath with life,
for fragility is an evolutionary liability.

**In the genetic library of my ancestors,
I am a devout student.**

**I transformed the pollutant of trauma
into an adjuvant. As I personify
reclamation as a divine disputant.**

**The scroll in my soul
Is a torch I stole.**

**From within, I am lit,
Transmitting light
Of the voltage, God chooses to permit.**

No funny cookie,
Psychic decay

Toss the coin

Spiritual evacuation
Or cellular annihilation

Inflation is treasonous violence, existential taxation for earthly occupation, and the collusion of private and governmental corporations, who extort extraction and state dispossession on a global scale.

The requisite contortion of one's psyche and comportment for the assimilation and survival within a depigmented malignant hierarchy of narcissism is never truly advantageous.

Disavowing one's self-worth from a demonically dehumanizing caste system of human ranking is more courageous.

Silence enables violence:

Don't take it with a grin,
Demonic oppression is not a holy sin.

**I humor the yokeless
because their souls are homeless.**

I left the party when the music smelled sour.
Solitude is a sacred shower.

Evil is heady because it doesn't own its body.

With all this plastic surgery,
y'all really need a soul transplant
because your heart is a poisoned plant.

**Yo, squad, the earth is fumigation ready.
Yes—Bitch, I'm a galactic snitch!**

Colonial Clownery

The esteemed historians are the newest to the timeline.

The medical studies and their standards represent and are determined by the most genetically recessive hypopigmented subset of Y-chromosomes.

The experts in psychology are the descendants of spiritual terrorism who erase the looted origin of their theories by placating Indigenous wisdom as unintelligibly inferior, requiring refined translation.

The economists who brilliantly flood the markets with the devalued US dollar that is backed by ideology, delusion, and genocide are reenacting the fall of cowries in Western Africa.

The imperialist mindset is a lover of free markets and liberalism until his stocks plummet, at which point we should feel sorry for his electric car. I was certain he was a psychopath; I am now betwixt because I think he knows that he is not invincible, *but is he mirroring this behavior of concern?*

Spell: o6o

If the covenant were a curse,
by the blood born of water and soil:

I order time to recoil.

**“Freedom is not convenient,
and truth is not lenient.”**

Mixed Market

If food can be genetically modified
and only distinguished by a barcode,
how might the spiritually modified be
identified?

Spell: 059

**I'm crawling out of the fire
With a torch and a machete:**

This web of black magic is planetary.

Dock Stare

Neglect is a breeding ground for vampirism.

The compost of dehumanization is weaponized for systemic and energetic extraction.

Colonization, Educational Indoctrination,
Gentrification, School to Prison
Industrialization, Psychiatric Incarceration,
Economic Deprivation, Regurgiated
Oppression as Transformation.

Parents who withhold love,
friends who disparage their besties,
niggas who fuck with no regard for her soul,

You water the soil for the vultures encircling
the wounds that leave an energetic imprint—the
mark of prey.

**I'm standing on a shore at the
confluence of carnage where blood could
not wash its memory away.**

I am not my ancestors;
I am the pledge of their reckoning.

As a midwife in the womb of time,
I beckon love to realign.

*There is a heartbeat I have yet to hear—
God, let a seer steer!*

Veins in the Soil

Upon the farm where souls are harvested,
there is a species-wide addiction to validation.

Folk betray their soul for the gratification of
their sensationalized disintegration.

Discipline is a tool that supports one's ability to
budget time and attention because neither your
bandwidth nor its tangible duration is a
renewable resource.

When we externalize our worth, we become refugees to the abundant rivers of life flowing in our abandoned hearts. In concert, the most disloyal to the higher dimensions and unscrupulous among the dogs who call themselves men.

God's reception is within you. There is nothing to prove if your divine covering is a sufficient affirmation lest your emanation become the tender of another's denomination.

Fontenoy

The white cloud of privilege that emits vapor from the skulls of hypopigmented heirs of psychic colonial terrorism are the ingratiated pawns of an inverted anti-nature hierarchy within this spatiotemporal prison we call Earth, where envy is a spiritual virus, an auric mold that grows in the dark, moist crevasse of sentient vacancy.

The mutations of Judas and Cain's blood strains within the hominid genealogy are somatically sensed as a broken helix.

I'm not convinced we can fix this.

Chukwu, prove me wrong. **I dare you!**
Michael, you was popping through, what you fit to do?

The violence and pillage for power have made society the host of incestuous adoration and inbred psychic cannibalism. Intra-communal incursions are the gentrified and out-sourced cultural genocide of stolen and kidnapped people.

Biafra, what stories did you bury in the water? Harlem got a tongue, and I'm fit to slit.

Time is a hustler, but I can't split my wit.

**“If we have been opted
into subjugation,
We must opt out for salvation.”**

Active Dissonance

Your soul is currency,
but your understanding lacks fluency:

Stop funding the opposition.

Your belief system is patronage,
And your behavior is an investment.

Constitutional Propaganda

When resistance is deemed terrorism,
does democracy pivot to fascism
in the theater of totalitarianism?

Is State violence in the blood of this land,
where manipulation precipitated a
precipitous genocide where we hold
liberty in neither hand?

Metanoia

Quantum Rebirth accompanies
postpartum acceleration

Salvation is a process
of co-creation

My sole vow is to become
a divine emulation

**“An inability to intrinsically
embody a presumption of parity in
humanity indicates a disparity of
sentience in one’s self-identity.”**

Grate Fate

Turn the storm
into a stew

Season the wisdom
you outgrew

Become the plate
you foreknew

**“Embodied sovereignty
is your responsibility.”**

Wisdom Treats: 008

Obliging your instincts doesn't
require probable cause;

Lacking evidence doesn't
compromise your applause.

Knotted Pennies

Capitalism is a whorehouse,
and corporations are the traffickers,
taxes are the proceeds,
and for democracy,
we are kidnapped simps
who breed like weeds.

NYC on a Monday

handicap predators
feeble parasites
ignorance is a ploy
pity is a tactic that excites

incel mosquitoes
rageful twink
pre-installed baby mamma's,
eager cum sinks

Briberous Intermediary

I'm not a groupie needing a pimp
to take me to a Holy Brothel,
where tithing provides passage,
to be addressed by "god" and rendered docile.

When a missionary
encounters an emissary

The variance in energy
between fusion and battery

Reveals the cracks in religious pottery
because alchemy is an embodied lottery

Psychosexual Oppression: Energetic Extraction

*Those who embody the
personification of hegemony
are the inversions of natural order.*

Victimhood is versatile
because a sadomasochist
is intent on securing its supply.

Detection yields deflection,
an infection bent upon its protection.

The social scripts are parasitic,
we mask the conditioned paralytic.

**“Society incentivizes accessorizing
ignorance with information
because accumulation is more
appealing than integration
to sustain systemic subjugation.”**

Missing Receipt

Academia will charge you loans that discharge
upon your issued death certificate

Stacking outdated and fragmented theories
as indoctrination is a Jenga syndicate

Wisdom Treats: 007

Although I bear many features of a
misanthrope, I detect the replicating patterns
of spiritual perversion in my species through a
somatic microscope.

Vigilance against the annihilistic contagion is
less than chivalrous, but biophilia preserves my
willfulness.

My Lady

The gate has been cleared,
Time has revered

Your welcomed arrival,
Shall be steered

Wisdom Treats: 006

Ain't never been a matter of
miscommunication, just *tricked*
out manipulation—demanding subservience to
ignorance with weaponized incompetence.

The Spectrum of Affective Regulation Divergence

On either end of a multidimensional polarity between Autism and Psychopathy, the **how** and the **why** of affective internal states inform a person's behavior, which necessitates adapting, masking, and mimicry.

Autism is a neurological and perceptual feature, whereas Psychopathy bears a psychospiritual etiology.

Functionality exists on a range, from nonverbal and serial killers to savants and Wall Street Executives.

Autism is sensory-oriented, whereas Psychopathy's objective is to siphon.

The Dark Empaths and Emotional Chameleons are a third parallel, who can shapeshift at will in sublime, astute ways.

Although masking and mimicry can facilitate social belonging for the autistic individual, it can also disarm potential victims of the intended violence of a psychopath.

Irrespective of the biological and ontological etiology, I posit that those who conform to Cluster B personality traits are fully self-aware.

When a person switches psychological templates from Boss Bitch, to unfurled Karen, to peak victim as modes on a videogame character, I understand the strategy to be one of ego preservation and sustained dominance in the dynamic.

It is my subjective and empirical understanding that any system that purports to help, aid, and assist will become a haven for predators to extract, harm, and spiritually violate vulnerable people with institutional protection as their cover for plausible deniability.

Care is not a synonym for control unless pain is a resource from which a parasite has much to gain.

Time has proven that the extraction of foster care children and the subjugation of insane asylum wards are indistinguishable in pattern from the United States invasion of Iraq, Grenada, and the Philippines to spread safety and goodwill.

Good Riddance.

Observatory Ideations

When dysfunction is the baseline of normalcy, aspects of civility reinforce passive aggression as a celebrated indication of societal progression.

I am most frightened by those who have made a palace of their woundedness and built an identity of their fragmented psyches, for they will fight with all their might to extinguish truth's light.

Although Manhattan is a runaway show of death on a platter, to heaven, I climb the stair, where altitude gets flatter and the veil clear.

The existential obsession with parasitic extraction is more impulsive than the pangs of hunger or sexual longings because the life force is a quintessential energy for the voided vessels of performative vacancy.

*Health is a luxury,
confusion is a commodity,
clarity is a threat,
and silence is a tool
by which order is kept.*

Wisdom Treats: 005

Compulsory white fear is a disrespectful acknowledgment of their genetic and spiritual inferiority; the counterfeit cannot compete with the prototype, but a parasite would rather scorch the earth than respect life's ecosystem.

Tamborine on my Tongue

Love is most lethal.

*Divine Law is legal,
and its courts are
in the steeple.*

The decoy dead signal has been isolated;
With poetic verse, the trap was illuminated.

Our multidimensional counterintelligence
sting has been successfully executed.
Something from the east was too intent upon
pollution within our bloodline; like a Black
Ajah, we served grace to entice the malign.

The frequency reboot required clarity,
by exercising reversed polarity.

The anti-melanin sentiment is perversely
distinct; This saga has been succinct.

Your hair was too loud a signal,
but your soul's tenor is a broken whistle.

Madam Caesar, I thank you for our salad,
the ancestral karmic dining;
Time is a spine, and we don't eat swine.

Do you feel the irony shining?

Spell: 058

I went to the future
to withstand the past,
this stand will be my last.

Hermetic Vow

I swallowed the key
to my portal

My heart brews,
with a love,
that is immortal

Contractions pulsing,
piercing dimensions;
as my soul dilates,
rapture is an ecstatic startle

**“Hominids are, at best,
opportunist and, at
worst, negligent.”**

Wisdom Treats: 004

I’s a Karmic Stockbroker flipping generational trauma and energetic deficiency, sorcery is embodied proficiency.

Don’t hate the player who knows the field,
when you wear ignorance as your shield.

Beekeeper

In these city swamp streets where whiteness
didn't bestow trust funds to those embodying
hypopigmentation;

Where the unbundled sticks are prone to the
imitation and denigration that is homo-
misogynoir;

Where the stiff raisins who never made
anything of their womanhood
be clocking your evanescence with
hemorrhoids in their eyes;

And where the women you'd call sistah look at
you like they wanna fight or bite, they always
fucking tight —bitch sit in the sun, eat the
light.

As the voice behind the shell of a wizard, I'm
turning mosquitoes into bees and collecting
nectar as I transfuse pollen inter-
dimensionally.

*I am the hive,
when folk seek to deprive
my cells go into hyperdrive;
I'm not fit to survive,
Reflexively, I revive.*

Metaphysical Quarantine

*When the ship is built to sink, it's best to
conserve resources than to compete with the
thermodynamic laws of entropic entrapment.*

“Love” is a lullaby and a liability,
my pattern analysis doesn't lie:

When hope is a noose, will truth defy?

**I am proof of concept,
may I be worthy to testify.**

Primordial Mortification

In the stillness, I bear witness
to the replicating fractals of spiritual decay
and how it mutates to invariably have its way.

Earth is an incestuously sadistic necrophilic
orgy that psychopathically molests the
innocence
of any soul not yet hollowed out.

Alexithymia is a seesaw
that oscillates between
grief and seeding,
rage and sorrow
disbelief and disassociation.

*I will neither beguile nor reconcile
that which is vile;
Sovereignty necessitates exile.*

Ma'am!!!

May I inquire why you are stalking me in the astral plane, and ghosting me in the physical plane?

This temporal discordance is causing me energetic tension in the cosmic plane.

*Although I had to purify my lake
and filter my river, are we playing tug-o-
boat? I deeply wish to swim the sea with you.*

I am a hydrated **cherry blossom**,
ripe for the sipping.

Per our chat on the train, when you marked my aura, please impart to me your embodied knowledge of what orientalism entails, and I'll tell you about spiritual cannibalism. I trust that our somatic awareness will parallel succinctly.

I understand you identify as a gypsy? Well, my deployment is that of an evolutionary emissary. I have this unction that we are assigned to a clandestine project.

Explicitly, between infinity and eternity,
my affinity for you is cast by divinity,
as we are an emerging trinity.

Wisdom Treat: 002

Everything is interchangeable.
It's all dependent upon your perception and
angle.

Parasites and Power are the only parallel;
The presumption of benevolence is a spell we
must dispel.

A Hysteric Notion

The Mayflower consisted of fugitives seeking a new soul supply.

You see, integration was a ploy to appease the melanated victims of inbred genetically recessive terrorists with safety and the pursuit of happiness.

However, from Jim Crow and Minstrelsy to color-blind subprime loans, to Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion—it's all about proximity. The Hungry Ghost must be in our orbit; it prefers to do so consensually, so like psychopaths, parasites consistently shift the playing field so we don't see the pawn being moved or know we are the pawn being played.

You must understand that eating flesh is impolite and no longer an acceptable norm; instead, the soul, for its consumption, is more civil. Prisons, contracts, and NDAs are legally structured and binding mechanisms to properly molest the seeded souls and deny them recourse —after all, the courts and their coffers are rigged.

**Violence is on purpose;
Accountability is an accident;
And consequences are a coincidence.**

Many folk are missing the divine spark.
I can't say who pulled the plug,
but moths to a flame,
we melanites are their drug.

Wisdom Treats: 001

I reserve the equanimity of humanity
for those who honor mutual regard,
for the abundance of grace few can afford.

Boondocks' Frame of Mind

*If rape is about power, racism has
orchestrated a reiterative multigenerational
and transnational gangbang upon my
bloodline.*

Like a king in the penitentiary,
I'mma protect my aura like his booty hole.

**The energetic colonial extraction is not
exclusive to any particular race, gender,
or socially contrived identity because a
Sovereign Negress is a seed vault, a
black orchid, lightning in a bottle, the
holy grail, and the philosopher's stone.**

*Assault is so insidious that it looks like flattery,
penetrative curiosity, and hostile banter.
Fishing in the waters of my current, looking
for currency because a parasite is always
hungry.*

I may appear to be a power-bottom because I'm
not submissive; I was born regal. I'm not
pressed like the rest of you infested rodents.

**But Prometheus' Flame rises with the
phoenix. Don't let me catch you with my
scythe. I scar time and clip the tongue.**

**Heed the bell of these words
I have wrung.**

Mutually Nonexclusive

i. Time bleeds sand
upon the barren
earth of a dust bowl
blowing in the winds of death

ii. A braided waterfall
beckons a convergent river
to carve the earth
so love can nestle
upon untrodden shores

iii. Love is a womb,
and we make it home

Primal Sear

I embody an Old World taste
In a hypernovel, modern dystopian waste

And yet, my skin smolders for a drink
Of God's painted breath

With the eyes of a divine signature,
As her pupils for its ink

Dear Madam Caesar

When shall our meeting profess?
Did time exclaim its redress?

I have much capacity for complexity,
Whilst measured with integrity.

This fire in my veins desires your tempering;
Our twirl is a cosmic tethering.

Don't leave me parched, I insist;
The sun and moon of Scorpio must be arched.

Perhaps, lest I be torched.

Life is but a Show

Boundaries strengthen your white blood cells;
however, liberalism, as an identity, eviscerates
the intrinsic alliance born of natural law as
divinely enforceable.

*Incest is doted as love, and cannibalism
is Michelin-starred Fine Dining.*

We live in a society that propagates a
multivector psychopathic contagion that
spreads as an airborne pathogen that infects
without an immune response.

**The existential resignation is horrifying.
Pandemic dejection and deflection are
zombie symptoms.**

When a species denies its senses and plays
dead when offered human acknowledgment,
I realize we are in an open morgue.

*I am observing the spiritual autopsy of a
decaying species—in real time.*

Oof.

In this Hour

*You go to college to abort your soul.
You go to a doctor because your bodily
autonomy is on parole.
You go to work to pay for your grave because a
slow death is the epitome of control.*

We gotta build a raft during the storm;

**Prayer is a charm,
and Faith is the firearm.**

*This planet is a plantation and we the
livestock on this farm.*

Spectrum of Reception

a. Trauma or Training?

Burn or bend;

Forge or singe?

b. Misery triggers the emissary.

c. Expertise without embodiment

is a TickTock store Condiment.

d. Sharks love blood,

Pigs are the devil's mud.

e. Foundations of knowledge emit the echo of

muffled screams and fossilized blood stains.

f. Who you choose to marry says

a lot about what you carry.

g. The parasites relish when they congregate.

h. The vampire is an arrogant blight, a

gangrene to flesh; the psychopath is a

necrotizing infection of the soul—

the predisposition is both genetic and spiritual,
nature and/or nurture.

i. When light is an irritant,
hate is a compliment.

j. From the mud to the stars,
we don't drive cars.

k. May the parasite take flight,
for divine light will not refrain
from wielding its justified might.

l. For perpetuity, may the odds be in my favor;
God is my witness; I live as the sword and die
by honor, for truth is my Lord.

m. Arrogance competes with the divine reach
of the Lord's grace; the highest of courts will
revoke their defense in such a case.

n. I ain't no tourist or pessimist;
I'm a meta-dream architect,
an alchemical futurist.

o. I'll have my pick of the litter,
Most of you don't pass the filter.

p. I wade in the waters of my grateful soul.

q. Silence is the schism of scammers,
pirates pillaging the soul's pillars.

r. Delusion ain't a parachute.
Denial is the feather of broken wings.
Negotiate with velocity by befriending truth's
reality, for the impending psychological
collision fragments the probability of survival.

s. Intellectual verses are mascots for a sublime
colonization.

t. I ain't a performer, I profess; you niggas
playing connect four while I'm clocking
multidimensional chess.

u. The mystic's path is not about flexing
poverty as purity but living within the budget
that supports your divine alignment.

v. Free will is an inheritance of bearing a
pulse. Incarnation is a casting; this is
showtime, not a drill.

Are you a diamond?

With earth's pressure, the truth gon' peel.

w. Y'all pimping yourselves as a clever product,
aggregators of performativity.

I'm sentient with a tool, the enslaved lever,
who summons karmic conductivity.

x. *Courts of Heaven Decree:*

The Light of Truth
Forbades the plead of ignorance
For it does not confer absolution.

y. Some folks are too habitual to metabolize
new data, not nefarious, simply nonviable.

z. The mycelial network is intuitively
synchronized and decentralized;
the signal is encrypted, agents were born
conscripted.

Bookmark

Although I am in a long-distance marriage,
I can't say for certain if she and I are in the
same timeline.

Even so, I am true to my vow:

Love is Destiny.

Vigilant

It's not you;
it's the simulation:

A vacant vessel
is the proxy tool
for a demonic tussle.

Aghast at the Mass

Predators like power,
control is their fetish.

Consent is an ultimatum,
and caring concern is a charade
to dissuade your intuitive proclivity to evade.



Negging is how the sadistic flirt;
Psychosexual domination inverts to subvert—
any predictable resistance serves as dessert.



The synthetic fabric of reality is snuffing
my third eye with a fractal wedgie.



Sovereignty is an existential conundrum when
your soul is currency,
and the earth's resources are a subscription-
based economy.

Spell: 057

May you straddle my soul,
As I grip your whole heart:

Love is art, the divine justices, we cajole.

**“Anomaly, no camaraderie;
this rodeo will be the last for me.”**

No Dead Weight

Green eggs and ham
Society is a sham of a scam

Cinderella buried Nemo
And sent a telegram
On Snapchat to Simba

Stating:

The Last Airbender sends her regards:
Fuck all you Niggas.

Toy Story is Feudal Glory

Gemini Closure

Dearest,

Time plays a chorus I cannot unhear. When the
riddles are unclear, I cleave so destiny may
endear.

I'm a free bird. Wanna go for a fly?

Oh, Dearest:

Forgive my inquiry, for the interest was a lie.
We could have been a meal at another time, but
our paradigms are divergent.

Did you hear the chime?

You see—

Ghosts are violent with silence,
and our misalliance has expired;
The memory was fibrous and impious.

Truly,
Quantum Celestial

Canary with Buttered Popcorn

When the Flower Girl accepts that she was born into a cemetery, she respects the ceremonious wilt of the existential sanguinary.

1. Don't waste antibiotics on the dead.
2. Don't give a blood transfusion to those who are brain-dead.
3. Don't transplant an organ when the recipient is soul-dead.
4. Build a well between your heart and your head. As the timeline sheds, your fate weds.

A Pinch of Salt

Education and religion are tools to sustain the micromanaged control of an entropic society.

Immaterial and subjective realities that are not replicable under materialist and scientific methodology are deemed ineffectual and heretic because the key to exit the simulation cannot be prescribed, only obstructed.

Earth is a hermetic slave plantation, where our DNA and consciousness require cosmic filtration because this Earth project has gone terribly awry.

In conclusion, sentience works in harmonic synergy, not annihilistic extractive compulsion. A vacant void cannot integrate the divine when integration is the portal.

Lastly, groupthink has this planet capsizing; steer clear of the contagion.

Eggless Scramble

The most triggered are the least secure;
the poverty of character, your attitude fails to
obscure.

I destabilize folks like a bomb threat in an
airport; upon the sight of me, your simulacrum
of peace will depart.

Some folks are always itchy, they aggy,
looking like an untreated spiritual yeast
infection. I'mma lean back and watch your
daemons have an insurrection.



I administer grace, case by case;
No need for purity, but I require clarity.

Self-denial is seasoned delusionality,
the mask of conditioned fragility.

Something about your stare, do you know the
year? Time is a matter for which your senses
are too dull to steer.

If we ain't been talking,
God made it that way; we'd best obey.



**The questions you ask inform how you
frame your reality.**

Long is the road,
but I know the code.

**God grant me the grain to seed the soul
before death's rain.**

The blight of the parasite is born of fright;
doubt prolongs the night.



Patterns may not be inherently objective,
but the replication invalidates insanity.

Specialization without integration,
compartmentalization is best suited for
industrialization.

Weaponize imagination
Cultivate possibility
Compost destitution
Renovate reality



Ignorance is a blank canvas, untilled soil;
Apathy is an infected boil.

Credentials are not indicative of intelligence;
on the contrary, it is evidence of purchased
compliance.

In a sea of whites, a single glimmer of dignified
melanin triggers their cannibalistic craving for
a Black body's hemoglobin.

Renunciation & Clarification

Power and Predation is a sexual orientation:

The parasite with a womb is more
insidious than that with a pecker;
and those cosplaying with womb adjacency are
deadly.

Social Contract:

I don't bit my tongue to keep the peace,
I now have a mouth stuffed with muted blood;
Rage is a broken lease.

Umbrella City:

I don't have faith in my species,
but I do believe in the divinity of sentience.

Usurp the Spell

It's all fun and games when you steal thrones. I trust your appetite is strong, for which divine law serves a feast of stones.

I am only in competition with my deconditioning.

Capitalism is the economic structuration and legal formation of colonial extraction, which is antithetical to planetary preservation.

Although this framework is socially permissible and therefore justifiable, the obfuscation of enactable natural law is superseded by the deputized pit bulls of organized anarchy under the guise of democracy.

Nature can only be patented when it is synthesized. Trade is most valued when goods can be demonetized.

But the high-falutin yella nigga with freckles, who collects the carts in self-checkout at the Upper Westside Whole Foods, yells out that god is watching those who don't scan all their items.

I inquire how he suggests folks should fight for survival, he lazily suggests we buy land.

I reiterated about five times: **We are still on the plantation.**

**“When a healthy soul is elusive,
evil is halitosis, and we normalize
stank comportment.”**

Classroom Notes: 010

“Crazy” is a branding strategy to devalue intelligence, thereby inflating compliance with superiority. If clarity is translated into madness, care is the branding for control. Common sense is a stock, and ignorance pays the toll.

**“Literacy be looking like debris,
when from God,
many are an escapee.”**

Sound the Alarm

Been squatting in captivity,
demonic indifference ain't neutrality;
it is a coerced codependent strategy.

I will not be gaslit to the grave.

The beams are buckling
in this burning house,

Where the Empire is on Fire Sale,
blood rains in this slaughterhouse.

*Hail Mary,
full of grace*

*I revoke allegiance
to this fireplace.*

**“Decorum dilutes the gravity of
our species’ existential crisis; It
mocks God with the hubris
of a maggot.”**

My Grandma’s Child

The world dragged you through the mud
But could never clip your wings.

Grandma,

I’d crumble the sky for you,
so your love could iron its clouds.

Only with honor; until we laugh.

**“When human interaction
is commodified,
what remains dignified?”**

Fundamentally

A parasite is incapable of respect because its means of self-preservation is inherently impious; therefore, giving grace to insolence beckons subsidence.

*Would you bestow honey
upon a hoard of roaches?*

**“Homoerotic patriarchy and
its pedo-misogynistic
symptomology are sociogenic
and amoralistic in etiology.”**

The Jokers Reversibility

This little light of mine,
as I walk through
the shadow of death
my vengeance is stealth

For I embody the antivirus
to blue light
parasitic fragility

Divine indivisible adaptability
bequeaths the *Death* and **Rebirth** of me

**“Frequency is the only currency;
I rebuke your shapeshifting
as robbery.”**

Biafra

Blood is a covenant

Blood In
Blood Out

That which binds,
Natural law never blinds

*When the fruit must
Cut the tree from
Whence it bore*

For neither seed nor soul
Can be made whole from this soil

Biafra, my bloodline was worth this toil

Spell: 056

I ain't Vegan;
I's waiting for divine order.

In the quiet, I sharpen retribution's ardor.

Lord Forgive Me

I've been clocking the stains of time,
and the smears of truth

I had to pawn fear
because I can hear evil sneer

Distract, Extract, & Infiltrate

**What is violence when you are born into
a parasitically psychopathic war zone?**

*Fuck the school district for which you are
zoned; This prison planet don't know when to
atone.*

DEI was a trick bait
to capture and reassess how,
by God, we stay possessed.

They don' reconfigured oppression's gate;
Hope was a pimp's recess.

**Why would God's chosen people be
genetically recessive?**

Melanated souls are a natural resource.
Co-optation and inversion—
Swap the prototype for the counterfeit.

This blood got grit;
Time ain't no hypocrite.

ALL IN THE DEFENSE OF LIFE:
MAY EVIL BE ORDERED TO REMIT,
BY GOD'S WRIT.

Illustrative Discernment

The difference between a controlled burn and a wildfire is divine premeditation or demonic humiliation.

Faith as demonstration is the defining invocation.

The Soul's Priority

Belief is a choice; therefore,
identity can become a vice.

Do not conflate nice
clutter for paradise.

God's grace is too
precise to sacrifice.

Classroom Notes: 009

Life is a stage where parasocial webs reinforce
neoliberalism to assuage nihilism.

Per my character, I plead no contest, yet query
the means by which casting and setting are
determined.

*Drama is an energetic stimulant, an escapist
hatch for a virulent parasitic addiction—a
derelict affliction that requires an exorcism for
eviction.*

“Some wounds are seals; there is no need to prick them. When you find yourself drowning in the valley, you must ask why you thought the dam was a blockage.”

Diasporic Siblings

The enemy of my enemy is testing the integrity of humanity.

Evolution cannot be outsourced.
Oppressive cordiality is a liability.

You can't wag your legs
while seated on the fence.

You gon' have to pick a frequency
and not shapeshift.

Substantiated Hypothesis

Indifference is violence;
Passive is aggressive.

Mimicry is retaliatory;
Weaponized fragility is psychopathy.

Wick

When you seize an illicit fire,
there is an impulse to set every soul ablaze,
but all candles ain't fit to be lit.

Spell #055

If evil is steering the ship of Earth,
do the children of God become the pirates
who rebuke ~~stillbirth~~ and declare **rebirth**?

Crossroads

I'm configuring a pipeline
to transform indignation into liberation.

When we interrogate the ways we interpret
we can irrigate the drought of confusion.

Clarity becomes the lantern that guides us
through the cave where we choose
transformation over reformation.

Glistened Glare

The textures of colonial distortions are an abundant variety of discordant permutations. I witness the entitled infantile tantrums of those afforded the salvages of parasitic global extraction as they bypass reflection or political contrition and weaponize fear to enable their sadistic conditioning.

Protest or run to a farm? These options exist in a binary that reduces the expanse of adaptability into triviality.

We ought to decouple our psychological shackles and reify the wealth of humanity by cultivating care networks rooted in interdependent sovereignty.

No one is coming to save us from the controlled collapse of this animal farm that has served its vampiric puppeteers.

A cow, a chicken, a goat, and a lamb can be quite the team when they realize they are no longer willing to be fodder for another's feed.

Misery is a flood that will bleed unless we suture this rupture in the soul of our heart's seed.

Afro-Alchemist: Nigredo

Neither the Ivory Tower Darlings nor those caught in the net of their American Dream can impart direction because they coddle the contagion of paternal subjugation.

We must mourn the death to build capacity for the birth of a paradigm not yet born.

“Does an eagle ask a pigeon the temperature of an altitude for which only one can soar?”

Vacant Echoes

The parasite is a reprobate, impelled to either predate or subjugate, **as it is prohibited from original creation, only capable of imitation.**

Academia presents history as the archaeological dissection of an autopsy. Yet, time—the dynamic aspect of the spatiotemporal continuum—**resuscitates memory with every query into ignorance, reclaiming the colonization of imagination.**

The Obfuscatory Blueprint

If produce is knowledge, would the recipe be a curriculum and the chef a professor?

In which case, who is the farmer, and from where is wisdom sourced?

Insertion and infiltration under the construct of administration is psychic colonization.

Every institution legitimizes an assembly line of extraction and co-optation.

Irrespective of the claim or branding, erasure and control is the objective to materialize our collective spiritual assassination.

Meta Fruit

Soul is the root,
Sentience the seed

When we *evolute*,
We fulfill God's deed

Don't fight the tide;
Match the current.

Divinity will be fortified.

Classroom Notes: 008

While on line to a mockery of cultural esteem,
I encountered a roach with no edges who
sought to snack on my honey. However, this
cognitively vacant entity ain't know I'm
eternally sunny.

With her locs dangled like a dead bundle of
snakes, thirsty for the waters of my spirit's lake,
with grace, I let her sip antipathy's flakes.

Liminal Convergence

I met a lamb,
whose soul bore the sun

Upon canvases, he transposes
the photosynthesis of his dreams

I pray the slaughterhouse of art galleries
neither tether nor tame his brilliance

For this cub knoweth not
the might of his glory

Roll Call

Timelines are a quilt;
Blood is the hem.

I'm that bee tracing frequency,
plucking cellular health,
precision is stealth.

Black History @ The Whitney

Red was the color of summoning at the intersection between a morgue and buffet, where the melanin-deficient cannibals were high off the taste of dethroned magnificence, curated for the appetite of their parasitic sight.

**“Don’t blame the master’s tools;
it’s your conditioned application
that loves to honor rules.”**

Firewall

I eat fire and shit ice.

This hyper-intelligent multivariate parasite is a termite drilling through the dimensions of consciousness.

While folks are herded into novelty and apathy,

I ponder:

If you believe the threat of nuclear warfare is critical, if this pathogen is weaponizing the destruction of the time-space continuum, your skin is unimportant because your soul can be erased.

Conscious – Subconscious – Unconscious

User Interface - Operating System - Source Code/Root System

We are all bugged and hacked via social engineering and entertainment.

The glitch in the mainframe will be reset.
If you cannot override your code, at least you
were told.

To Whom Reception is Bestowed:

*I have no fantasy to share nor salt to spare.
I'm not Nat Turner. I'm not Ida B. Wells.
I'm not Joan of Arc. I'm not Harriet Tubman.*

My name is Zisa Aziza.

If you ask me, Titanic hit the iceberg before we
knew we were in the water.
There is no ark, and we still gotta hop that
bridge.

This isn't a matter of flesh; it's a matter of
sentience.

I don't care for riches, clicks, and likes.

My ego is the slimmest it's ever been.
I want transcendence.

And if you can't share the light, let's say it
doesn't taste right.

I welcome your support, but I'm gonna do it no
matter what.

I came from the mud, so I shall return.

I'd rather hold your hand, and we walk into the
night and come out into the light together.
But I won't drag a single soul.

Let's go! Let's go!

Time is not a promise.
It was an offer.

My Sword is Rested

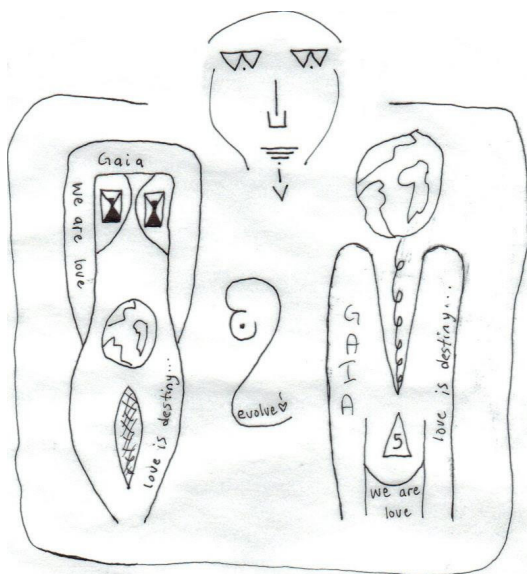
Jasmine, I understand this Dorothy figure
is a remnant of a retired timeline.

Aladdin would favor a rendezvous
near the blueberries and avocados.

Peek-a-boo!

You need not hide anymore;

I got you.



FIAT LUX

